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# The Chestertown Transcript.

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Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE · FREE FROM ALCOHOL · PURELY · DE WALKER'S · CALIFORNIA · EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

**No other medicine** known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated disease.

**Millions bear testimony** to its wonderful curative effects.

**It is a purely Vegetable** Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

**It removes the cause** of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

**It is the great Blood Purifier** and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

**The Alterative,** Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

**No person** can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

**Bilious, Remittent,** Intermittent and Malarial Fevers are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

**These Fevers** are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, in their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

**There is no cathartic** for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

**Fortify the body** against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

**It invigorates the Stomach** and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system. It is easy of administration, prompt in action, and certain in its results.

**Dyspepsia or Indigestion,** Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Pneumonia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.

**For Inflammatory** and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

**Mechanical Diseases.**—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Typesetters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.

**Skin Diseases,** Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

**Pin, Tape and other Worms,** lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.

**Measles, Scarlet Fever,** Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters. This wonderful remedy is especially adapted to the systems of children, for purifying herbs alone give it its remarkable curative powers. It contains no alcohol, opium or other poison.

**For Female Complaints,** in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

**Cleanse the Vitiated Blood** when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.

**In conclusion:** Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

**Around each bottle** are full directions printed in different languages.

**R. H. McDonald Drug Co.,** Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.

**Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.**

## WOOD! WOOD!!

### Hickory, Oak and Pine.

THE subscriber has purchased 1000 cords of the very best seasoned Oak, Hickory and Pine that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $5 00 per cord for oak, and $6 00 per cord for hickory; wood sawed and split to order.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

Pine KINDLING WOOD for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown.
Nov. 22, 1883.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY

## D. B. STEWART CO.,

### General Commission Merchants

and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c., Southern Fruits and Vegetables a Specialty.

**150 W. Pratt Street.**

Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwal Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. [Feb. 24.

## CARPENTERING.

James Chilcutt, formerly of Centreville, having moved to Chestertown, offers his services for doing all kinds of House Carpentering, work on dwellings, barns, &c. Work done by contract or by the day. Jobbing especially attended to. Good references can be given. All he asks is a trial by the public.

JAMES CHILCUTT,
April 30, 1885. Chestertown, Md

## PEABODY HOTEL.

NINTH STREET,
1½ Squares South of New Port Office,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

30 Rooms with Board $1.00 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $1.50 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $2.00 per day.
10 Rooms with Board, Bath and Dressing Room, $3.00 per day

W. PAINE, M. D., OWNER. Open Day and Night.

OUR line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to wn, pound. Our 2 for cts. Cigars
J. B. SAPPING

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

Come and try our Edward Allen Poe CIGARS.

M. A. TOULSON
March 27 Drug

PURE SUGARS.

Cut Loaf, Granulated, S tandard A, Extra C. and best light Brown. d'see how CHEAP at

J. B. SAPPINGTON

## INSURE YOUR LIFE

—IN A—

### Home Company.

### The MUTUAL AID SOCIETY,

**Of Kent County, Maryland.**

OFFICERS:

JAMES A. PEARCE, President,
GEORGE W. HARPER, Vice-President,
HARRY RICKEY, Secretary,
CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Treasurer,
W. FRANK HINES, Medical Director,
JOEL C. SLAUGHTER, General Agent.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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| James A Pearce, | W. F. Hines, M. D., |
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| Wm. B. Usilton, | William E. Temple, |
| Harry Rickey, | E. S. Valliant, |
| William J. McFeely, | J. E. Graham, M. D. |

**To the Citizens of Kent County.**

Having accepted the General Agency of the above Society I propose to use every effort to make it as successful as the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent County. I therefore ask the co-operation of every citizen of the county. I will be pleased to give any information in reference to it. A copy of the By-Laws will be furnished on application. I hope to have a liberal support from this county as I propose to canvass it thoroughly before going to others.

I will be in Chestertown every Monday and Tuesday to attend to my duties as Register of Wills and on those days any persons desiring to become members (residing out of Chestertown) can be examined by our physician, free of charge, at my residence.

JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,
July 23—tf. General Agent.

## NEW THINGS

### At OUR STORE!

**Dry Goods**

IN GREAT VARIETY!

POPULAR PRICES!

White and Gray BLANKETS,
CLOTHS and FLANNELS,
Cassimeres and Shirtings.
Buttons and Knit Goods,
Hosiery and Gloves.

A large assortment of UNDERWEAR.

Latest Styles of Fall

HATS AND CAPS.

A VERY CHOICE LINE OF NECKWEAR, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

BOOTS AND SHOES A SPECIALTY!

Sugars, Pepper, Syrups Teas, Coffee, Spices, Rice, Flavoring Extracts, Canned Goods, Tobacco and Segars.

A full assortment of Queensware, Glassware, Stoneware, Brooms, Brushes and Buckets.

We have some very Pretty Patterns of CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Our stock for the Fall trade has been selected with great care and will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES!

To trouble to show goods. Give us a call.

**Wroth & Aldridge,**
Oct 22, 1885 Chestertown.

## CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

## CORN HOES, CORN HOES,

AND

### Cultivator Teeth.

WE have now on hand a Large Lot of the Best Cast Steel Corn Hoes for sale, and a Fine Lot of Extra Heavy Cultivator Teeth, made expressly for putting corn ground in order for wheat. These goods will be sold Cheap. Call and look before buying.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Sept. 10, 1885.

## Egg-Making Feed

—FOR—

### ALL VARIETIE OF POULTRY

The object of the Egg-Making Feed is to supply from artificial sources the chemical and physiological elements absolutely required to form egg shell, albumen and egg yelk. We believe the use of this powder will directly enliance and increase the production of eggs.

25 cents per package.

COLIN F. STAM,
March 5. Druggist

INSECT POWDER.

DALMATIAN.

Guaranteed to exterminate Roaches, Ant nd kindred Pests.

M. A. TOULSON
March 27.

MATTING, MATTING.—Fancy, Check White Matting to arrive. Carpets a Cloth at lowest prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

MATTING! MATTING!! From 12½ cts. per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

## Books for Children.

Choicest selections from English and American authors. The low prices will astonish you at

STAM'S DRUG STORE

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS & MUSIC.

A New Lot of VIOLINS and a new lot of cent Music just received.

COLIN F. STAM,
March 28. Druggi

## Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

## Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know it is not to have.

## RED STAR COUGH CURE

TRADE MARK.

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts

BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

## ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Frostbites and all other bodily pains. PRICE 50 CTS. PER BOTTLE.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

## The Seeker

after the luxurious in Men's and Boy's Clothing can here be as well served as the searcher after the merely serviceable, while in our enormous assortment of Novel Shapes and Styles both are certain to be pleased. The reputation of our house for Elegance of Style and Perfection of fit, together with lowness of prices is a guarantee at all times of perfection. The great surprise of the Season is undoubtedly the unexpectedly low prices for goods universally acknowledged the best in the market.

We can fit the Boy 2½ years old, as well as the man of Weight (300 pounds).

## Acme Hall,

THE GLASS OF FASHION,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

## "STUCK."

The superiority of our Clothing, in style and finish, is sufficient guarantee against a calamity like the above. Our large stock of Suits and Overcoats for Men, Youths, Boys and Children will give permanent satisfaction.

A. C YATES & CO.,
602, 604, 606 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

## E. T. COMEGYS,

### Grain

### COMMISSION MERCHANT,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN DAILY.

I also have C. W. WARREN at Kennedyville, and J. H. IRELAND at Locust Grove, buying for me.

All communications by telephone promptly answered. Telephone call 64.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Sept. 3—tf. Chestertown, Md.

## BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

TRADE MARK. QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

JOHN D. UHLE,

*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*

OFFICE WITH H. W. VICKERS, ESQ.,

[illegible] Queen Anne's counties


## ACROSS THE NIGHT.

[Chas. W. Coleman, Jr., in Harper's Magazine.]

Out to the west the spent day kisses night,
And with one parting glow of passion dies
In gold and red; a woman's wistful eyes
Look out across the hills, a band of light
Plays on her parted hair; there softly dwells
And throws a glory o'er her girlish dream;
The sheep slow nestle down beside the stream
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.
The clouds, sunflushed, cling 'round the day's decline;
The woman's eyes grow tender; shadows creep;
Gold turns to gray; a sharp dividing line
Parts earth and heaven. Adown the western height
The calm, cold dark has kissed the day to sleep;
The wistful eyes look out across the night.

## THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

**Abuses of the Law—The Judge Wiser Than the Jury—Old Institutions.**

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The business of these big law firms is to capture cases any way they can. Just as the broker wants to get a man into his office with a big fortune, so a lawyer wants to get into his office a client with a full pocket. Civilization seems to be obstructed at every step by some new conspiracy. It may not take a huge war like the French revolution to rid the world of the abuses of lawyers. The French revolution was to rid the world of the abuses of hierarchs and aristocrats. I can see nothing equally hideous left over to our century but the abuses of the law. When it becomes so expensive to solicit justice or to defend one's property in the courts that a citizen will make every sacrifice but that, a new tyrant has arisen over society, and he has got the book of justice under his arm with his arm for a harp upon it.

I see no reason why nine cases out of ten should not be tried by the judge, as is the French fashion instead of by calling away twelve loafers from the corner to sit as a jury. In our civil courts held in the different districts of the city of New York the judge says to the litigants: "Will you have a jury in this case or do you want to try it before me?" Wherever there is an honest difference of opinion they will let the judge try it. But if one side is consciously vile and without standing in the court it will ask for a jury. So they drop the names of people into a box and all the reputable ones beg off, swearing that they are telegraph operators, divines, physicians, have a dying mother etc., and every bummer summoned comes in like twelve buzzards fortuitously assembled over a sick sheep, watching to see him die and decay so that they can eat.

We got this from our old English forefathers, who have been buried a good while, and some of these old institutions ought to have been buried in their tombs, like the Indian grave where they put the old fellow's bow, broken kettle, tin dipper, miscellaneous sauce-pan and gourd that he drank out of. They bury him with his institutions, and start on something fresh.

**Why They Don't Speak.**

[Exchange.]

They were engaged to be married, and called each other by their first names, Tom and Fanny, and he was telling her how he had always liked the name of Fanny, and how it sounded like music in his ear. "I like the name so well," he added, as a sort of clincher to the argument, "that when sister Clara asked me to name her pet terrier I at once called it Fanny, after you, dearest." "I don't think that was very nice," said the fair girl, edging away from him; "how would you like to have a dog named after you?" "Why, that's nothing!" said Tom, airily; "half the cats in the country are named after me." They don't speak now.

**The Reason for It.**

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mrs. Muggs—Oh, Henry, I fear you love me no longer. Mr. Muggs—What a foolish idea! "No it isn't. We have been married a year, and you are perfectly indifferent to me. I can remember when you loved me madly. Now you never speak of love—never refer to the past—" "Well, my dear, there's a reason for it. Just now I am dealing so heavily in futures that I haven't time to think of the past."

**An Unabashed Earl.**

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

The late earl of Shaftesbury, a great and good man, had a scoundrel ancestor. The earl of Charles II's time, brilliant as he was, was as base as was his royal master. His brilliancy was shown in his ready reply to the king, when the latter said to the earl that he believed he [the earl] was the greatest scoundrel in the three kingdoms. "If you are speaking of subjects," responded the earl, unabashed, "I believe I am."

**The Chicago Man's Last Request.**

[Chicago Herald.]

"My dear sir, I am sorry to inform you that you can not live more than a few hours."

"Is that so, doctor? Please call a district telegraph boy."

"To send for a minister?"

"No; I want to get the latest quotation on wheat."

**Quinine in Greece.**

Malarial fever has become so prevalent in Greece that the government has not only removed the import duty from quinine, but has monopolized the sale of that drug, charging a price equal only to the cost at the place of sale. The result is that almost every Greek is using quinine.

**When He Needs It.**

[Philadelphia Call.]

The English language consists of about 38,000 words, yet when a man is pulling on a tight boot or waiting for his wife to dress for church he nearly always invents a few extra words to express his feelings.

**At a Cowboy Tournament.**

At a "tournament" at Spearfish, D. T., a steer was given a running start of seventy yards, and Cowboy Jesse Driscoll overtook him, lassoed and threw him, and, dismounting, tied his feet, in forty-one seconds.

**A Proud Father.**

Silas Goble, of Ocean county, New Jersey, who has been married fifty-one years, is the proud father of twenty-three children, the eldest being 40 and the youngest 10. He has spent a small fortune for shoes.

**The Czar and His Dog.**

[Burlington Free Press.]

The czar of all the Russias eats only one meal a day; and another curious fact is that he always helps the dog first.

**Germany's Famous Ones.**

Count Von Moltke is in very poor health. He will not live till winter, it is said. Bismarck, who was dangerously ill last summer, is dangerously well again.

**Parisian Theatre Attendance.**

The attendance at many of the Paris theatres has fallen off so much that managers are being urged to lower their prices of admission.

**Change in Size of Skulls.**

[Chicago Herald.]

In the ancient graves in Tennessee are found human skulls that are some inches larger than any modern human head. Within the last forty years there has been a very marked diminution in the size of heads in Philadelphia. Old and experienced hatters will corroborate this statement. Somebody writes to an exchange to ask: "Is there a similar change taking place elsewhere, and what will be the result?"

**Nobs and the Common Herd.**

[Philadelphia Record.]

Lord Lansdowne's official reception at Winnipeg was "boycotted" by many of the residents because evening dress was insisted upon and two entrances were provided, one for the nobs and one for the common herd.

**To the Baldest Man.**

A wine merchant in Hamburg has bequeathed 1,000 thalers per annum, the interest of his capital, to the baldest man in the city, with the proviso that should a man turn up with no hair at all on his head he is to take the entire capital.

## LOST PEOPLE.

### THE "MISSING PROBLEM" AND HOW IT IS SOLVED.

**Strange Cases That Occur in New York City—People Who Live Dual Lives—Solved and Unsolved Mysteries—Boy Runaways.**

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Mankind loves mystery. A hole in the ground attracts more attention than the loftiest mountain. Perhaps that accounts for it. Nothing, at all events, could be more untrue. Hundreds are lost, to be sure, in New York every year; but they are found again. There is this difference: the public hear of the disappearance through the newspapers, but rarely, except in cases of unusual importance, of the recovery which, as a rule, has more of bald fact than romance about it. It is a fact easily demonstrated by the police records that those New Yorkers who within the last, say five years, have really disappeared and left no trace of any kind behind can be counted on the fingers of one's two hands. I say New Yorkers advisedly. A great many inquiries are received by the police from out of town for persons who "went to the city and have not been heard of since." The record in these cases is rarely completed. For the reputation of the person sought it is often well that it is not. New York is a famous place for an occasional "tear" when you live far enough way to run no risk of being recognized.

FOLLOWING UP CASES.

That is not to say none really do disappear. Some do, unfortunately, and as utterly as if they had been swallowed up by the sea, which may be literally the case, but these unfortunates are few and far between. Under an improved system of recording missing persons and following up the inquiry for them, data have accumulated on the police books to show that these cases constitute a very small proportion of the whole—scarcely one in a hundred cases. Quite 500 men, women, and children are reported lost in the course of a year to the police. An "alarm" is sent out, with a description of his or her clothing; so that, if found senseless or sick in the streets, he may be recognized, and results are awaited.

If nothing more is heard of a case, a printed blank is sent out from headquarters at the end of two or three weeks to the captain of the precinct in which the "case" was reported to live, ordering inquiry to be made about him. In nine cases out of ten it comes back indorsed, "Found" or "Came home." The explanatory foot-note by the captain, "Been on a drunk," bears out the police theory of the affair often enough to make them justly skeptical in such matters. The wonder ceases with the usual ten days' term on the island. Self-respecting citizens, whom moral or financial bankruptcy throws upon the hospitality of the city for the period of ten days, prefer to travel incog.; hence the John Smith or James Brown of the arrest-book gave no clue to their fate.

While this applies to the great mass of alleged "missing mysteries" in New York, it does some times happen that months go by without tidings of the lost. Then the case assumes a more serious look, and the police face the knottiest of all problems. The most patient inquiry frequently fails to discover a motive or a reasonable theory for the disappearance. Without either, all search is vain and purposeless. Friends or relatives do not know, or will not tell, of the slippery place the lost one trod.

LEADING DUAL LIVES.

There are men and women in this town, shining lights in society, who lead dual lives little suspected by the world; families with two hearthstones—"a house and a flat"—between which, unknown to all save the guilty head, their peace trembles, ever "shadowed" by disaster; others who periodically fall from grace and go on desperate sprees, but still have sense enough to get to a safe distance from home and friends; still others who find it convenient, like the boy who knows that a licking awaits him at home, to drop out for awhile until something has "blown over." Sometimes the lost one is a business man of prominence. Then there is a stir, and all sorts of theories are set up in the newspapers. But the biggest sensation does not outlast the week in New York, and people soon find other things to talk about. The missing one returns and slips into the old groove without exciting much remark.

The hospitals and the lunatic asylums furnish their share of the return column.

The river gives up its share of the lost; doubtless it holds the key to the few mysteries which the years have left unsolved. "Foul play" is always the cry in such cases, but beyond a doubt often unjustly. Thieves are plentiful in the streets of New York by night; but they do not risk murder when nothing is to be gained by it. It is a peculiarity of the women who disappear in New York, if one is to trust to newspaper accounts, that all are beautiful. A look at some of them when they come back, as they nearly always do, would undeceive the trustful reader.

Girls' escapades are dictated in nine cases out of ten by impulse, the source of which can be traced and its probable direction determined, rather than by calculation, and are, therefore, easier to follow up. So with the epidemic of boy runaways that breaks out every spring and runs its course as Indian-baiting on the plains, like measles, scarlet fever and other children's complaints. Like these, it rarely attacks the victim twice, and when it is over he feels all the better for it.

**The Governor Apologized.**

[Washington Critic.]

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was in the city, and called at the interior department lately. As usual, he had a story to tell. He said:

"When I was governor of North Carolina an old lady called on me one day. She talked about three hours on matters in which I was by no means concerned. I was thinking how in the world I could get rid of her, when suddenly she jumped up and left, saying:

"'Well, mister, I can't stand here jawing you all day.'"

"What did you do?" inquired Gen. Atkins, commissioner of Indian affairs.

"Ah," was the reply, "I apologized for detaining her."

**New Orleans' Bayou Oyster.**

[Chicago Herald.]

The bayou oyster is the favorite of New Orleans epicures. The oysters fatten late, and are benefited by the rainy season, as the waterfall carries down to them oyster food, and are at their best after a little cool weather has had a chance to develop them.

**A Philosopher's Question.**

[George Parsons Lathrop.]

A particular man receives a blow on the head, you see. Now perhaps he thinks he recovers from that blow; he is apparently perfectly well; but the effect of the blow continues. A son is born to the man. What has become of the energy expended in that blow upon the man's head? It is bound to continue. You can not get rid of that. The persistence of force makes it inevitable. Perhaps the man's son gets along all right, and perhaps he doesn't. But suppose that the son, or the son's son, turns out to be a forger, or a criminal of some sort—possibly a murderer. How do we know that this is not the result of the original blow on the head, producing a slight accidental impression on the brain, the force of which takes the form of moral perversion in the offspring?

**The Extravagance of an Empress.**

[Cor. London Truth.]

The caprices of the empress of Austria are not unworthy of notice. A hunting lodge has just been built for her majesty in the Lainger Wild park, near Vienna, which has taken three years to complete and has cost 350,000 pounds sterling. The house is in the Renaissance style and has been splendidly decorated and furnished after designs by Makart. There are immense stables and a vast riding school, which is an imitation of the one at Welbeck.

## IN THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE.

**How English Subjects Render Homage to Their Sovereign—The Ceremony.**

[Adam Badeau in New York Sun.]

But the ladies are waiting all this time in the pens. The presence chamber is arranged as for a levee, only that the queen, and not the prince of Wales, is at the center of the line; next are the ladies of her family, and then the heir apparent and his brothers, or any royal strangers. Her majesty wears a black gown and a widow's cap. Over the cap is usually placed a small diamond crown, while the ribbon of the Garter and similar orders are on her breast, as well as the Koh-i-noor and other jewels worthy of a queen. The princess of Wales and the other princesses are in full court dress—petticoats, trains, feathers, and all. Behind them stand their attendants, "male and female," as the court circular sometimes disdainfully describes them.

When the diplomatic corps has made its reverences and taken its place, the English ladies follow, and as each enters the throne room with her train over her arm, two gentlemen in waiting deftly seize this appendage and spread it behind her till it hangs like a peacock's drooping tail. Then the lady, handing her card to the lord in waiting, passes up toward the lord chamberlain, and stands till he pronounces her name. Upon hearing it, she prostrates herself in front of the queen so that one knee nearly or quite touches the floor. If it is a presentation, her majesty extends her hand with the back upward, and the neophyte placing her own hand transversely under that of the sovereign, raises the royal extremity to her lips. When the lady is of the rank of an earl's daughter, the queen bends slightly forward to kiss the cheek of her subject, and the homage is complete; but there have been occasions when the novice was insufficiently instructed in advance and kissed the monarch in return, very much to the disgust of her majesty and the horror-struck amazement of the courtiers. After the obeisance to the queen, another must be made to every one in the royal circle in turn, the depth of the courtesy being graduated according to the rank of the personage; and as the last prostration is performed and the subject rises to her natural position in life again two other watchful lords or gentlemen, as skilful as the first, catch up her train and throw it once more over the lady's arm, and she slowly stumbles backward out of the room, having been at court.

It took her two hours, I suppose, to dress, and she sat in evening costume two hours more in line in her carriage before she entered the palace; then she was at least an hour in the pens, and she was two minutes in the presence of royalty. Now she must probably wait an hour or so for her carriage, and she has been at court. If she is young, she has practiced her obeisance for days in advance, and the backward step as well, and is delighted that at last she is in the world. If she is an aspirant after social honors, a Becky Sharp working her way upward, Thackeray has told us of her sensations. If she has gone through the ceremony forty times before, she throws herself back in her carriage and exclaims, like the cockney who had seen the Apollo Belvidere: "Thank God! That's done!"

**Chestnuts for Rheumatism.**

[New York World.]

Chestnuts—not of the story-telling kind, nor yet of the kind roasted and sold on street corners—but horse-chestnuts, such as Bishop McNierney is carrying in his trousers pockets for relief from rheumatism. Our Washington dispatches reported recently that the good bishop of Albany has been induced to carry horse-chestnuts by a Californian, who told him that the superstition is a native of the Pacific coast. The Californian is mistaken. It was introduced upon the Pacific coast in 1851 by a New Englander, who was a prominent officer in the San Francisco custom house. He both practiced and preached it, and every year he sent to the east, by the way of Cape Horn, for a package of horse-chestnuts to distribute among his converts. It has prevailed in many parts of New England for 100 years certainly, and probably longer, and there is no seaport between Portland and Boston where dozens of old people can not be found with horse-chestnuts in their pockets, to which they attribute their freedom from rheumatic complaints.

Whence the superstition originally came we do not know, but we are sure that New England is the place from which it has been generally diffused throughout the United States. An instance, however, has recently been brought to our notice in which it was both believed and practiced by an intelligent immigrant under circumstances which imply that he learned it first in Ireland. According to our observation of the New England usage the anti-rheumatic virtue is supposed to depart from horse-chestnuts after a year, when the old dried nuts should be replaced with fresh ones.

**A Wife on Tick.**

[New York Sun.]

After I came to New York I lived in a quiet street, which is now a noisy thoroughfare. I spent most of my time when away from the office in my room. I happened to look across to the opposite house, where I saw a pretty girl at one of the windows. She was leaning against the casement tapping on the glass with a pencil. After this I saw her at the same place many times. We had got as far as a nodding acquaintance, but I had no opportunity of speaking to her.

One afternoon, having come home somewhat early, I was at my window thinking of my pretty friend opposite. I almost unconsciously tapped a salute to her on the window pane with my pencil, using the telegraphic signs. I was very much surprised when a reply came from her in the same way. She understood the signs and could use them. After that we had long talks across the street, and, as our interest in each other deepened into a warmer feeling, many a tender message was sent by the air line. You may not believe it, but we were engaged to be married before we had ever exchanged a word or before either had heard the other speak a word. Afterward I was introduced properly, and married the young lady the following Christmas, and that is what I call getting a wife "on tick."

**The Ichthyophagous Club.**

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

The Ichthyophagous club of New York city will hold its annual reunion in that city shortly. Its invitation cards read as follows: "The club points with pride to the very low rate of mortality at its tables and the fact that the insurance companies no longer class its members as 'extra hazardous.' This result has been attained by not allowing the younger members to indulge too freely in enchytræus triventral-opectinatus or in strongylocentrotus drobachiensis, but in confining them to the safer and more palatable marine forms, like pleurobrachia rhododactyla, trout from the Bisgosh, and Lutjenus Blackfordii. There will be several medical men present, who will make no charge for attendance."

**Chicago Butter.**

Only one pound in ten of what is sold as butter in Chicago, according to the health commissioner of the city, is the genuine unadulterated stuff.

**The Asiatic Hornet.**

[Exchange.]

Asia possesses the most powerfully equipped hornets. The Indian Medical Gazette tells of a man who was bitten on the neck by one of them. Within ten minutes he became cold, pulseless and unconscious. He was a robust man, but the use of active remedies only brought him to after a couple of hours. The hornet was of medium size, bright yellow and striped with black.

**President Eliot's Wooing.**

President Eliot, of Harvard university, was a widower when he heard Grace Ogood sing at a private concert. He fell in love at sight, was introduced next day, engaged the next week, and married the next month.

**Cheap Wines.**

They are selling natives wines in California at 5 cents a glass—and a very large glass at that—with the result of cutting very considerably into the consumption of beer.

## NIGHT HOSPITALITY.

### A MANSION WHERE UNFORTUNATES IN PARIS FIND SHELTER.

**A Night for the Penniless Laborer or the Mendicant — Sadly Characteristic Types of Humanity—Letters, Prayers, "Good Night."**

[Paris Cor. New York Sun.]

M. de Lamaze founded the first of the three houses of the Hospitality of Night now existing in Paris. He selected the site of the Boulevard Vaugirard, because from that central spot diverge long thoroughfares which lead on all sides far into the heart of France. He purchased the building number "14," and opened it as an hostelry for the destitute, where the penniless laborer or the mendicant could rest his head and gather strength for the next morning's wanderings.

Toward the close of each day through these endless approaches gather the guests, creeping in from the suburbs, from the outlying villages, from the remotest fringe of Paris. A blue lantern swung over the door is the star that guides them. They group themselves under the lantern or occupy the benches of the boulevard till the hour of admission strikes. In the big iron gate is another smaller door, through which can be caught a glimpse of a side wall painted green, with the trained branches of a peach tree trailing over it. At 7 o'clock precisely the little door is thrown open. One by one the waifs silently enter, and turn, at the invitation of a guardian, into an ante-room on the right, where their feet are washed. Many of the wanderers are foot sore, and a low sigh of relief escapes them at the grateful contact of the tepid water.

REGULATION QUESTIONS.

At the conclusion of this ceremony the men are marched to a long, low, dismal building, against which stands a sort of sentry box, or small office, provided with two pigeon holes and desks. To the first an official puts to each comer the uniform question: "Have you been here before?" When answered in the negative, he passes him on to the next desk, where he gives his name, surname, assumed or real, and the place of his last domicile. No information is asked as to his religion or nationality. The dreary procession passes on in Indian file through a heavy atmosphere of gloom accented by a dead silence.

The types of humanity marching past are sadly characteristic. On the same day you can see, now a man barely answering the regulation questions hoarsely asking for a munch of bread in which his teeth fasten ravenously; he has just been acquitted of a charge of vagrancy, and has been directed to No. 14 by the police. Now a lad of 17, of prepossessing manners, a confectioner from Nice. Then a swarthy and powerful man, with iron gray moustache, a captain in a sailing vessel. Behind him is a little warped figure, crafty and wrinkled, who might be any age up to 50, but who calls himself 19, and declares his profession as "picker up of cigar ends," which he calls "gathering orphans." Careless and cynical, he passes with his battered straw hat cocked over his left eye. In striking contrast with the Paris "gamin" is a gentleman buttoned up in a worn frock coat with a portfolio under his arm. He is a Prussian, and the editor of a German newspaper.

Then the review ends, the light fades, and the visitors enter the long hall, furnished with narrow forms, like the class-room of a school, and permeated with the fumes of a strong disinfectant. Suddenly a voice is heard in the gathering darkness; "Messieurs, there is no one to register now." The word "gentlemen" addressed to such a miserable crowd sounds oddly enough, but it is suggested by the almost divine tact of charity anxious to clothe with self-respect the humiliation of alms accepted.

LETTERS AND PRAYERS.

The men then collect around a large table at one end of the hall, and feverishly indite appeals to their relations, to their friends, to those who have already assisted them, or whom in happier times they have themselves helped. When the letters are written they are carried back to the office at the door, where by another provision they are stamped and posted.

The superintendent now makes his appearance. A few of the guests greet him with a "Good evening, captain." He is indeed the commander of that raft of humanity, and has the gruff, honest, open, military bearing of a soldier. M. Thircius, ex-captain of marine infantry, brings to his present post the same energy and conscientiousness that distinguished him in the service. He inspires involuntary confidence, and finds no difficulty in managing his motley crew. Before calling out the names preparatory to giving each man the number of his bed, the captain ascends a rude platform at one side of the room, reads out the regulations, and begins the evening prayer. In that uncertain light, between those rough, white-washed walls, under that sloping roof, among those ill-clad, travel-stained occupants, a vision arises of the stable of Bethlehem.

The captain appeals to the Pater and the Ave. None is compelled to join, but the rules insist upon the common courtesy of standing bareheaded; so they appear, the shadowy pupils of the weird class-room, ranging from 18 to 80, unknown to their comrades, unknown to their host, shoulder to shoulder for one brief hour, never, perhaps, to meet again or be seen under the roof that sheltered them. At the close of the captain's prayer, the men are drafted into the dormitories; a few whose outward appearance necessitates hygienic cleansing pass into the purifying room, where, in exchange for their clothes left to be fumigated, they receive the clean nightshirt in which they sleep.

"GOOD NIGHT, MESSIEURS."

There are four dormitories, placed like wards of hospitals, under the invocation of a patron saint. Each bed bears the name of the donor or subscriber to the charity. At one end of the dormitory a gas burner turned low glimmers like a star; it sheds white rays on the turned-down sheets, and faintly outlines the numerous dark and unkempt heads resting above them. It reveals here and there the lingering scowl of brutality, the contraction of despair, the dull misery of look or lip, or the senseless smile of habitual degradation.

Once more the captain appears at the door. He reiterates his injunctions of decency and discipline, and concludes with a cheery "Good night, messieurs." "Good night, captain," echo the weary tramps, in tones which seem to rise from the ground, and for seven or eight hours there is rest in the house of the Hospitalite de Nuit.

**Overdoses of Opium.**

[Exchange.]

It seems almost useless to warn people not to take overdoses of opium and its alkaloids. An English clergyman, who had been accustomed to take morphia pills for sleeplessness, continued the habit against his physician's express instructions, and one night took a number of them equal to a grain and a half of the drug. He went to sleep and never awoke.

**How Jockey's Are Tempted.**

[Fortnightly Review.]

Backers of leading favorites on the verge of a great race now are wont to ask anxiously, "Who rides